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Ben C. Levy

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LIFE



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Mr. : THE COOK HAS AGREED TO STAY.

Mrs. : HOW DID YOU MANAGE IT?

"I TOLD HER IT WAS COWARDLY TO LEAVE ME ALONE."

and \$5.00,
roduced in

\$2.50 to
art stores.
s (stamps).

Boston



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XLIII. APRIL 28, 1904. No. 1122.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.01 a year extra. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents.

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SUCH news as that of the sinking of the Russian warship *Petrovavlovsk* and the drowning of the Russian Admiral and eight hundred others is received in this country with very sober feelings. They say we are pro-Japanese. No doubt the majority of the Americans incline that way. But even of those who do, few are anti-Russian in the sense of finding cause for exultation in Russian misfortunes or reverses. American feeling is more mixed than foreign observers realize. There is as certainly sympathy for Russia's aspiration to an ice-free outlet on the Pacific (though war was not needed to assure that), as there is for Japan's do-or-die intention to establish herself as a power to be reckoned with in the East. These are two wonderfully interesting peoples that have come to blows. It is no accident that they are at war. There was as truly an irrepressible conflict between them as ever there was in our country between North and South. They were in collision and had to wrestle. For Japan to give up Corea without a fight would have been to admit the futility of the hopes and purposes that have been born of her astonishing awakening. It is inevitable that the looker-on should sympathize with her resolution and her pluck. But our sympathy has limitations. Most of us do not know on which side in this war our own material advantage lies,

and, sentimentally, we are drawn both ways. We mourn for the gallant Makaroff, denied even the glory of death in battle. For him even the Japs show regard and respect, though they rejoice, of course, in a catastrophe to their enemy. But we do not rejoice. Whichever is hurt we are sorry. We look on, deeply interested, but with the silence that befits a neutral who has good friends on both sides, and is concerned for both.



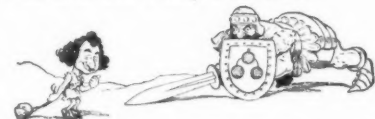
SO long as any careful man has a choice as to his place of residence, he will prefer not to live on a warship. Warships seem not to be healthy for their occupants. The same afternoon that brought word that the *Petrovavlovsk* had run down somebody's mine in Port Arthur harbor brought news of the calamitous explosion on our own *Missouri*. That vessel seems to have come within an ace of blowing up with all on board. As it is, the loss of more than thirty-one men dead as the result of a little target practice is distressing enough. That accidents do happen even to the best regulated warships will doubtless be a consoling thought to the Russians.

No doubt there will come a day when the world shall have outgrown the warship habit. It is a ridiculous habit, wastefully perilous, enormously expensive, and, to the world as a whole, absolutely unprofitable and preposterous. At present it laughs at civilization, but civilization, which has already got the laugh on slavery, and largely on polygamy and a good many other old addictions, is bound to have the laugh on warships some day. They are too foolish. They have got to go. But, of course, until they do go, we shall have to keep our proportionate stock of them, and keep on improving and perfecting them, and building new ones. The perfected battleship will have a tonnage of twenty thousand tons, and a crew of six men, condemned to that service for crime, who will sleep ashore in time of peace for greater security. The work aboard her will all be done by machinery, and her extreme

limit of usefulness will be two years, by which time, if she is not sunk, she will be out of date. She will cost thirty millions, but when she blows up there will only be six lives lost.



GREAT things that happen seem usually to happen naturally. They work out. The elimination of the warship habit from the customs of nations will have to come in this way as the result, gradually achieved, of forces now working. Ships' guns and smokeless powder have already been perfected to the point where they are almost as dangerous to the men that use them as to the men they are used against; the maintenance of the huge armies and navies of Europe is almost as distressing as war; long-range rifles are spoiling half the fun of fighting; mines and torpedoes are making battleships more ridiculous than ever. In every disease are the elements of cure, which are bound to win if they have time.



TAKE our present national disease, the trusts. How certain they were—and are—to breed microbes or parasites which will check their spread. The cost of living has increased forty-seven per cent. in seven years. Never mind; Mr. Thomas W. Lawson of Boston has announced that he is entered in a fight to a finish with the Standard Oil Company. Will he win it? That depends on whether he is a natural consequence of Standard Oil methods, or merely an outside force which butts in. When the Standard dies, it will be from some development of germs within itself. If it should perish from nausea induced by an insupportable glut of money, that would be a fate quite in keeping with physiological laws. We wonder it has not begun to happen before this, but it must be admitted that money is the most fashionable thing there is, and that the human pocket endures, for a long time, to be outrageously gorged with it.



APRIL FOOL BILL.



QUEEN ALEXANDRA EATS
A NINE CENT DINNER.

APRIL



PATAGONIAN KING ARRIVES.



OH, EDWARD. THIS IS SO SUDDEN.



THE MAD MULLAH
ELUDES THE BRITISH



VICE-ADMIRAL SKRYDLOFF
SUCCEEDS VICE-ADMIRAL MAKAROFF

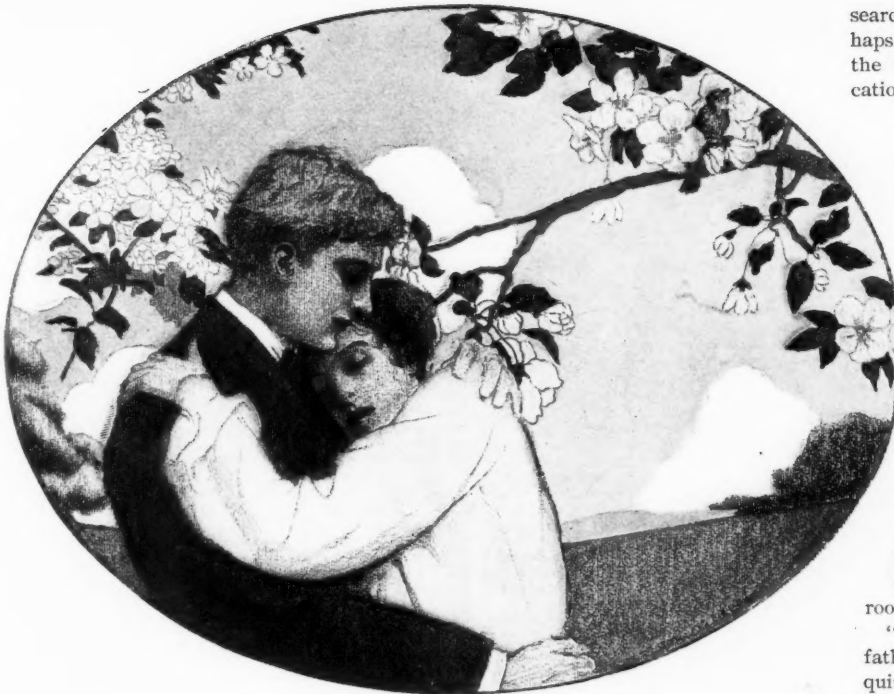


A LITTLE PRESENT FOR
THE KING OF ITALY.



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"JAMAIS UNE ROSE SANS SES ÉPINES."



Spring's Questioning.

WHEN the Spring is gone and the songs
are few,
And smiles are scarcer than they are
now,
Will you love me then as you say you do?

It is blossom time, and the rose and dew
Are popular wear, but tell me how—
When the Spring is gone and the songs are
few?

Think—when that time for me and you
Comes—and, alas!—it is sure, I trow!
Will you love me then as you say you do?

It is Spring you love, with its skies of blue,
And the robin aslant on the apple bough.
But when Spring is gone and the songs are few?

Will you come with a flower in your hand
to woo,
And garlands hung on your galley's prow?
Will you love me then as you say you do?

Give me your hand—oh, lover—thou—
Of the tempest sigh and the easy vow,
When the Spring is gone and the songs are few,
Will you love me then as you say you do?

Kate Masterson.

Modern Anecdotes.

MR. CARNEGIE was looking over the map in search of a town that hadn't a library with his brand on it.
"By the way, would you accept the presidency of the Civic Federation as Senator Hanna's successor?" we inquired.
"Well, you see, it's this way," he replied, with hesitation. "I'm giving so much away that if I got in there I might give myself away. See?" And he winked slyly.
Realizing that Mr. Carnegie would take nothing seriously, not even a hint that we needed four dollars, we re-

luctantly relinquished our investigation and sought more fertile fields.

MR. WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST was down in the press-room counting how many hundred thousand *Americans* per minute were being added to the population of this growing country.
"Who'll be the Democratic Presidential nominee?" we asked, with easy camaraderie.
"Search me," he responded, with a powerful accent on the personal pronoun.
As we had not come prepared with a

search-warrant, we concluded that perhaps we had better look elsewhere for the nominee and avoid legal complications.

MOTHER EDDY was going around the house with a yard of red flannel wrapped about her neck.
"Ah," we exclaimed, in deep sympathy, "have you sore throat this morning?"
"Of course not," she responded blithely. "I'm merely wearing this because red is so becoming to my complexion."
Realizing that Christian Science was no cure for the vanity of woman, we discreetly withdrew into our shell.

MR. SMITH of Utah was coming out of the Senate committee rooms.
"Is it really true that you are the father of forty-two children?" we inquired, with rare delicacy.
"Well," he responded, with some slight hesitation and becoming diffidence, "it was when I left home several weeks ago."
Knowing the possibilities, we thanked him for the information and strolled off down the marble corridor.

MR. J. J. HILL was buying a round-trip ticket from New York to St. Paul.
"Hello, Jim," we said, with airy, fairy familiarity, "how's things coming these days?"
"Oh, they're all right," he responded; "but you bet you wouldn't be calling me 'Jim,' if that Supreme Court decision had gone the other way."
Appreciating the fact that he was on to our curves, we offered him a nice two-fer and merrily went on our way.



"THIS HAS BEEN A VERY DISASTROUS SEASON FOR THEATRICAL FOLK. THERE GOES ANOTHER WRECKED TROUPE ON THE ROAD YONDER."
"THAT'S AN AUTOMOBILE PARTY WALKING HOME."



MORMON ELDER-BERRY—OUT WITH HIS SIX-YEAR-OLDS, WHO TAKE AFTER THEIR MOTHERS.

The Deadly Parallel Column.

IN CHILlicothe.

From the Chillicothe (Ill.) Bulletin.

THE ladies of the M. E. Church are holding a bazaar in the Bradley Building.

Walter McAlister, who has been seriously ill for the past six weeks, is now slowly improving.

B. M. Mead and wife came up from Peoria Saturday night and spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. M. Mead.

Calling cards in all the latest styles at the *Bulletin* office.

Mrs. Clifford Warner, of La Harpe, is the guest of Miss Flo Hart for several days.

Mrs. Charles Russell left this morning for Chicago, where she will spend the day sightseeing.

Miss Flo Hart entertained her Sunday school class Wednesday evening, and they all had a very nice time.

Miss Grace Brower has accepted a position in Grave's millinery store at Peoria, which is the largest exclusive millinery store in that city, and will be pleased to have any of her Chillicothe friends whenever they come to Peoria call and see her.

IN NEW YORK.

From the New York Times.

MR. AND MRS. ALFRED VANDERBILT arrived in New York yesterday.

Colonel John Jacob Astor and Mrs. Astor have arranged to sail on Friday. It is said that they are to be abroad the entire summer.

Mrs. Frederic J. de Peyster entertained at dinner last evening.

Mrs. George R. Schieffelin gave a bridge party yesterday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry R. Clews will give a dinner on May 11. They will pass the summer at Newport.

Mrs. Vanderbilt and her daughter, Miss Gladys Vanderbilt, will sail May 5 for Europe. They will remain abroad all summer.

Miss Leary gave a musicale and tea yesterday afternoon at her residence, 3 Fifth Avenue, for Mme. Bressler-Gianoli of the New Orleans Opera Company. Among those who were present were, etc., etc.

The wedding of Miss Pauline Whittier and Ernest Iselin will be the principal social event of to-day. The preliminary arrangements have been given from time to time in this column.

Meanest Railroad Contest.

NUMBER 16.

THE only road in the world meaner than the Erie is in Russia.

The historical degeneration of this thousand miles of meanness, which begins in Jersey City and gets worse all the way, explains its unenviable distinction of total depravity. Originally planned to compete with the fast boats of the Erie Canal, and never having been able to maintain the speed or comfort of a canal boat, the stockholders of this road have become pusillanimous and vindictive. A broken-down freight with six stalled passenger trains behind it fills an Erie official with unholy glee. This road has enough wrecks in one month to put it into the hands of a receiver, but no one will receive it. An Erie Chicago Stockyard Special has the right of way over everything on the road, and is habitually halted alongside the passenger trains, so the occupants of the stock cars can see how much they have to be thankful for. If Sherman had ever been an Erie commuter he would have incorporated this road in his definition of war.

The Erie time-table has no apparent connection with Erie trains. They also advertise that "vast deposits of bituminous coal, oil, natural gas . . . sewer-pipe . . . and other resources exist on the line," and this, with the fact that the road traverses villages of such rural suggestiveness as Sparrow Bush, Hiawatha, Horseheads, Big Flats and Painted Post, gives the passengers a trip where "every prospect pleases and only the Erie is vile." The hard seats and the soft



"YOUR WIFE IS A WOMAN OF GREAT LEARNING, ISN'T SHE?"
"YES. BUT SHE'S FORGETTING A GREAT DEAL OF IT, THANK GOD!"

coal, the cold car and the hot-box, the lynx-eyed conductor and the pitiful passenger, the rough track and the smooth stockholder bespeak the Erie's exalted sentiment, "The public be damned."

The word Erie is an Indian term, meaning *water*.

KENNEBUNK, ME.

NUMBER 17.

THE pay train on the Louisville and Nashville had passed and the boys were examining their envelopes. After each man

had related some grievance or loss, Maloney, the boss of a section, broke out:

"Byes, I've bin docked!"

"What for, Maloney?"

"Well, byes, it is this way: Last week me and me gang were wurkin' in the cut blast-in', and a big blast hung fire. After waitin' a legitimit toime I wint up to examin' it, and, by the Howly Smoke, the thing wint aff and blew me half a moile into the air. I came down like the Pot-o-mack flying macheen. As luck would have it, I broke me fall on a

pile of rocks and was not hurt. I wint straight to wurrk and finished me little job. But they've docked me."

"But what could they dock you for, Maloney?"

"The devils have docked me for the toime I was up in the air!"

Hugh McLellan.

RICHMOND, KY.

"Dreaming, Only Dreaming."

MYRTLE: I thought Fred was in love with you; but now I have found out it is I he loves, it seems as though I was in a dream!

EDNA: You are!

Success.

SAMUEL faced the world confidently, although he was but twelve years old.

"I already know sixteen different ways of being a bore," said he. "What have I to fear?"

He began in a small way with forcing the neighbors to subscribe for papers they didn't want. Then he sold them encyclopedias, and art histories in ten and twelve volumes. Finally, he wrote insurance on their lives.

At twenty-one, Samuel was worth one hundred thousand dollars.

"And the best of it is," he would often say, "not one penny of it was got by wronging anybody."

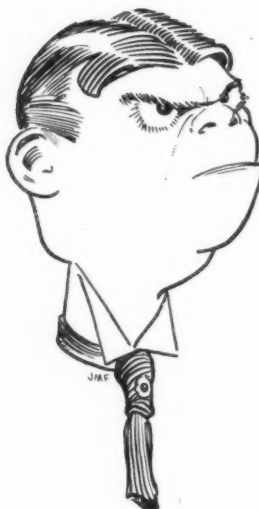
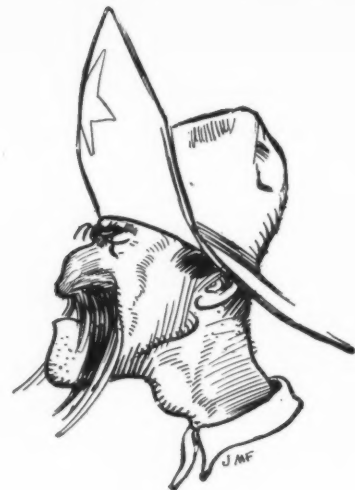
Proof of It.

MRS. HATTERSON: I wonder if it has paid to give our daughter such a good education?

HATTERSON: Paid! Why, of course. Don't you see from her manner how superior she is to us?



SOL, SCRUBBS DOESN'T GET MANY VICTUALS;
HIS LIFE ISN'T ALL BEER AND SKICTUALS;
HE'S IN LINE ALL THE SAME
IN THIS "BREAKFAST FOOD" GAME;
HE GETS THAT KIND OF STUFF WHEN HE WHICTUALS!



LE.



Drawn by J. M. FLAGG.



More Spring Growths.



INSPIRED BY MR. HAWTREY'S
APPEARANCE IN
"SAUCY SALLY."

MR. CHARLES HAWTREY certainly makes much out of little capital. He is not heavily endowed with personal pulchritude, and in both voice and facial expression his range is limited to three or four changes. Nevertheless, he is an actor who holds the attention and manages to get out whatever fun there is in the lines allotted to him. His charm lies largely in the fact that if he does nothing to excite or arouse, he also does nothing to offend. He has poise and perfect self-possession, which give him an ease of manner grateful to a public which finds in most of its actors too much of nervous strenuousness. He is exceptionally free from affectation and mannerisms. His methods are thoroughly polite and therefore quieting and agreeable to audiences which get more horse-play than polish in their stage entertainments. In his company, Fanny Brough possesses the same air of good breeding and, in addition to this, considerably more power of expression than is possible to Mr. Hawtrey. They are excellent fellow-comedians and foils to each other.

The other members of Mr. Hawtrey's company are, with one exception, English and competent, and, sad to relate, the exception goes to emphasize the fact that when it comes to the representation of contemporary life the English actor of equal rank can give odds to the American in ease and finish, whether in appearance, carriage or delivery. The exception is Frances Belmont, who, although not prominent on the roll of fame among American actresses, has the typically American faults in a sufficient quantity to make the comparison valuable. The nasal tones, abruptness of manner and awkwardness of movement come out strong, and it would be quite worth the while of aspiring young actresses to see this performance by way of educating themselves in what not to do.

Mr. Hawtrey and his company appear in a farce by F. C. Burnand. The vintage of the piece is not given, but it bears internal evidence of having been written between the time when Mr. Burnand wrote his really funny "Happy Thoughts" and "More Happy Thoughts," and the unfortunate time when he became editor of *Punch* and the slave of that gloom-distributing monster, the English Pun. In "Saucy Sally" this last lamentable state is foreshadowed in some of the lines, but in the main the piece is simply English farce of the old, old school. These all resemble one another as much as peas in the same pod, and Mr. Burnand has violated none of the canons of their construction. There is the usual gentleman who is sustaining relations with two members of the opposite sex, and therefore involving himself in trouble with them both. There are the inevitable doors through which the characters disappear at regular intervals, only to reappear at the proper moment to create the most trouble for the other characters. There is not much of originality in either situations or lines, but we have

not had English farce for some time and it creates a reasonable amount of merriment.

"Saucy Sally" is not of great moment, but it is amusing, polite, and even the youngest of boarding-school misses may witness it without fear of deterioration in either manners or morals.



AUTHOR'S matinées are cheerless proceedings in the best of circumstances. These try-outs are usually given with the most discouraging surroundings. That there is to be only one performance makes it impossible to go to the expense of providing suitable scenery and costumes, and for the same reason the actors engaged are, as a rule, miscast or unprepared. The audiences are made up of injudicious friends who over-applaud, and skeptics who come expecting to sneer or snicker. An author must have great confidence in his product to face such odds, but the author's faith is usually greater than his judgment, and the fact was again demonstrated when "Love's Pilgrimage," by Mr. Horace R. Fry, faced the ordeal of a trial matinée. Even a better piece would have been murdered by such a production as this received, but "Love's Pilgrimage" would have been impossible in any circumstances. The only redeeming feature of the performance was the confirmation it gave to the previous estimate of Miss Carlotta Nillson's abilities and possibilities as an emotional actress.

ASCATHING criticism on musical comedy of the day is found in the pleasure of listening to "Wang." In the time of its New York success "Wang" was not considered really great, but it entertained and amused large audiences for a long run in New York, and has been since heard in almost every city, town and hamlet in the United States. In the years which have elapsed since its first success in New York, it might reasonably be supposed that we had made some improvements and advances. But good old "Wang," in a way old-fashioned, appeals to the audience of to-day as strongly as it did to the previous generation who witnessed its earliest representations. Even Mr. Hopper's humor seems to have taken on new life by reason of contrast with his more modern successors. All this isn't a matter of reminiscent enjoyment on the part of *blasé* theatre-goers of a former era, but the generation which was too young to have enjoyed "Wang" in its early days appears to find it more enjoyable than more up-to-date productions.

In the company, Mr. Hopper is naturally most conspicuous, and it is fair to say that the elapsing years do not seem to have changed him materially. Mr. Klein, the original *Pepat*, the keeper of the sacred elephant, is replaced by Mr. Casey, who brings out all the fun of the part. The remaining members of the cast adhere to the original models, and the result is in the main pleasing. New costumes, new scenery, and a strongly reinforced chorus of pretty women make the piece go along with a truly refreshing dash and spirit. The piece is very well worth seeing, even by those who remember its early representations.



WANG.

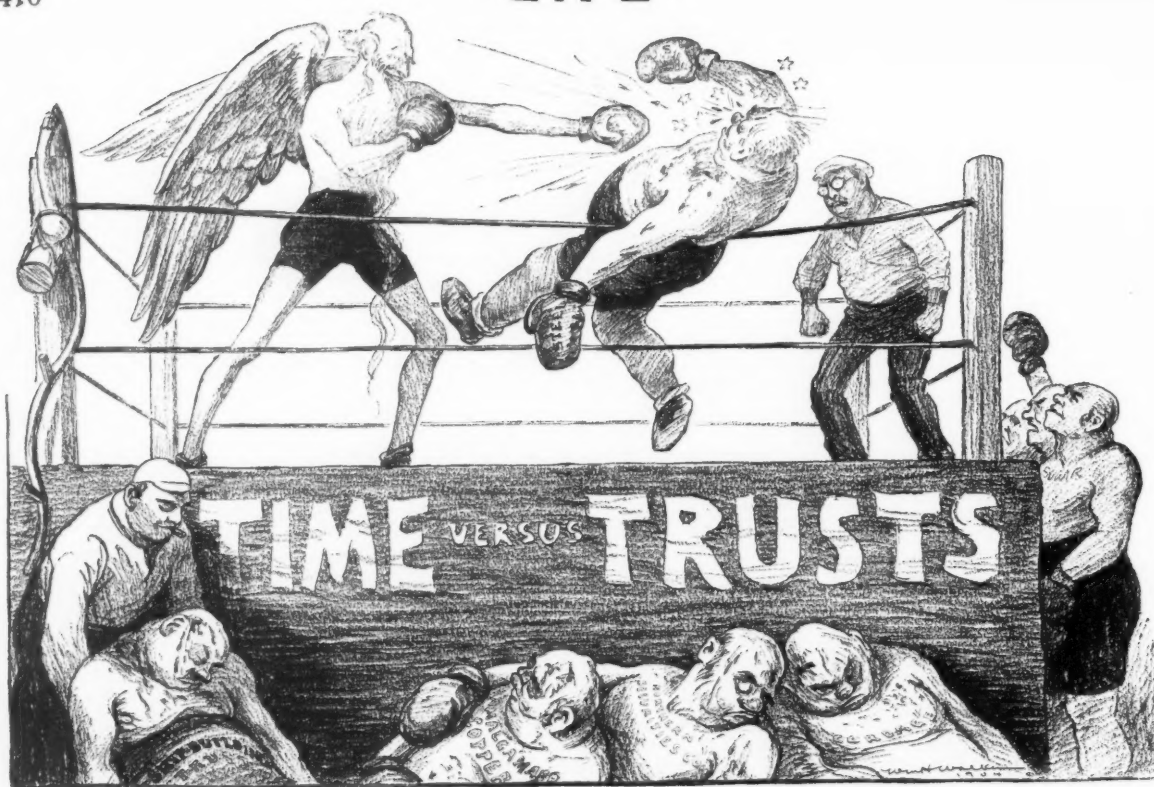


PEPAT.



it was impossible for him to give to the character any force or sem-

IT is the ambition of every American actor and actress to have a hack at Ibsen, and it is a wonder that the Scandinavian author has not been hacked to pieces. Mr. Wilton Lackaye took his fall out of Ibsen as *Consul Bernick* in "Pillars of Society." The transaction was not impressive, because Mr. Lackaye did not know his part, and therefore



GIVE US TIME AND WE WILL KNOCK THEM ALL OUT.



THE German Kaiser and President Roosevelt having established literary activity as one of the outward and visible signs of up-to-date statesmanship, George B. McClellan is not to be caught napping. He, too, has not been idle. His book is a two-hundred page summary of fourteen centuries of history called *The Oligarchy of Venice*, and is as full of names and dates as black raspberry jam is full of seeds.

In writing the volume upon *Rosetti* for the English Men of Letters Series, Mr. Arthur C. Benson seems to have undertaken at once a grateful and a displeasing task. Grateful, in that it has offered him the analyzing of Rosetti's work; displeasing, in that it necessitated a review of Rosetti's life. The biographical portion of the book is dull, colorless and perfunctory. The critical sections are keen, sympathetic and thoroughly readable.

John H. Whitson's second story of Western life, *The Rainbow Chasers*, is a promising advance upon his first venture in fiction. *The Rainbow Chasers* is a tale of land-boom days in Kansas, somewhat patchy in construction and decidedly unoriginal in plot, but the characters are live men, and the scenes are described with verve and color.

In these days, when the light of idealized nature books shines both upon the just and upon the unjust, it is occasionally salutary to remind ourselves of what the real thing would be like as a steady diet. Mr.

Philip G. Hubert is a lover of out-of-doors who has had the courage of his convictions, and who expounds his theory and explains his practice in *Liberty and a Living*. The book is instructive, because Mr. Hubert may be said to have lost his case by taking the stand in his own defence.

Soon or late, we all pass through what may be called the detective-story period. This is a condition which implies an unspoiled innocence and an elastic resiliency of faith. Unfortunately, we soon discover that for suspicion to fall upon any character in any chapter but the last is proof positive of innocence, and thenceforward Wilkie Collins himself is no longer a hypnotist. *The Darrow Enigma* is a detective story with an unusually good plot, and is recommended to the faith-full. It is by Melvin L. Severy, who, by the way, really should read up on criminal procedure.

In reading *Sir Mortimer*, Mary Johnston's romance of Queen Elizabeth her court and Sir Mortimer Ferne his adventures, his perilous faring over seas in courteous company with gentlemen piraticos, his knightly deeds and dolorous misfortunes, we are ever and anon reminded of what an old colored woman once said to a friend of ours: "Law! Miss Mary," she said, "you *do* talk so grand!" J. B. Kerfoot.

The Oligarchy of Venice. By George B. McClellan. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.25.)

Rosetti. By Arthur C. Benson. (The Macmillan Company. 75c.)

The Rainbow Chasers. By John H. Whitson. (Little, Brown and Company. \$1.50.)

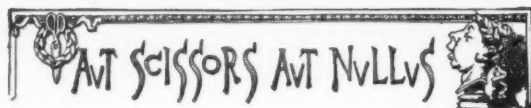
Liberty and a Living. By Philip G. Hubert. New edition. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

The Darrow Enigma. By Melvin L. Severy. (Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.50.)

Sir Mortimer. By Mary Johnston. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)



"OH! MAMMA, I FORGOT SOMETHING IN MY PRAYER! SHALL I ADD P. S.?"



A MODERN REQUEST.

"Tis little that I ask of fate—
A life exempt from harm,
A horse, a dog, a pleasant mate,
And a little radium farm!

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A PROMINENT educator in Philadelphia tells the following story on himself: In his early teaching days he had a position in a country schoolhouse in New England. The people in the neighborhood worked out their taxes by giving him board, and when there was no vacancy in the farmhouses he took a small room, while the neighbors supplied him with food. One day a young boy came running breathlessly toward him. "Say, teacher," he gasped, "my pa wants to know if you like pork?" "Indeed, I do like pork," the teacher replied, concluding that the very stingy father of this boy had determined to donate some pork to him. "You tell your father if there is anything in this world that I do like, it is pork." Some time transpired, and there was no pork forthcoming. One day he met the boy alone in the school yard. "Look here, John," he said, "how about that pork?" "Oh," replied the boy, "the pig got well."—Boston Beacon.

AFTER Wing Chow had studied at Sunday School and become a member of a church he decorated his remarks with Scriptural phrases. He grew dissatisfied and pleaded for an increase of wages. "You vely lich woman, I vely poor man," he explained, "money I wish you more give me." Mrs. Dash rejected the plea, and Wing Chow appeared to submit. But on the following morning, when the good woman entered her dining-room, though the room had been swept,

the table laid, and everything left in perfect order, there was no Wing Chow. Beneath a plate the perplexed mistress found a note, which read as follows:



SUCH A RUBE!

MR. GREEN COMES FROM FAR IOWAY.
HE WEARS SEPARATE CUFFS, SO THEY SAY.
HE'LL STAND ON HIS FEET
AND GIVE LADIES HIS SEAT
IN THE CARS. WHY, HE'S AWFULLY JAY!

"You vely lich woman; I vely poor man. I aske you more money; you givee me none. O Lamb of God, I go."—Lippincott's Magazine.

HINTS ON PRONUNCIATION.

If the place is on the Chinese coast, remember the number of your laundry ticket, multiply by six, subtract what is left, and find the puzzle. If a Russian name, add three portions, sneeze, cross your fingers, and forget it.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"I'll bet you a dollar," said Blake, "that our 'Hello Girl' hears everything we say over the 'phone."

"How'll you prove it?" asked his partner.

"I'll show you," answered Blake.

"Number 483," he called. "Hello! hello! Is this you, Mary? Well, I just want to tell you that—Central, will you please stop listening!" he broke in, interrupting himself.

"I'm not listening," answered Central, indignantly.
—Lippincott's Magazine.

A YEAR ago a manufacturer hired a boy. For months there was nothing noticeable about the boy except that he never took his eyes off the machine he was running. A few weeks ago the manufacturer looked up from his work to see the boy standing beside his desk.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"Want me pay raised."

"What are you getting?"

"Tree dollars a week."

"Well, how much do you think you are worth?"

"Four dollars."

"You think so, do you?"

"Yessir, an' I've been t'inkin' so fer t'ree weeks, but I've been so blame busy I haven't had time to speak to you about it."

The boy got the "raise."—Frank Leslie's.

"He doesn't know enough about the law to be a successful lawyer."

"Well, let's make him a judge."—Chicago Evening Post.

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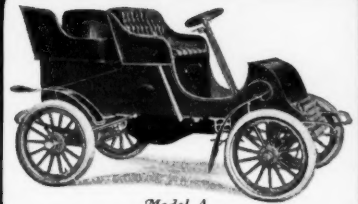
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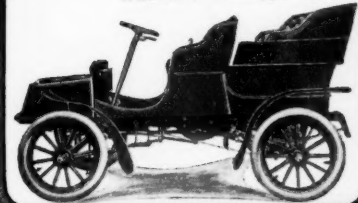
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The end of the year saw the country full of satisfaction-giving Cadillacs, and our sales exceeded by those of only one manufacturer.

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At all the big auto shows this season, where the most discriminating purchasers are found, the Cadillac exhibits have been centers of attraction to an extent that speaks volumes both for the reputation of the Cadillac and for the mechanical excellence of the machines exhibited. More Cadillacs were sold during the New York Show than any other make.

Model B, embodies more novel and exclusive features of merit than can be found in any other automobile, no matter what the price.

Frame is of pressed steel; running gear and suspension system an absolutely unique and unrivaled combination of strength and flexibility that makes the car ride over the roughest roads as safely and smoothly as a Pullman coach. In points of speed, design, construction, luxury of appointments, ease of control and quietness of running, it is all that the name Cadillac stands for—greatest results; fewest complications. All 1904 Cadillacs are equipped with clincher tires.

Model A carries several improvements, otherwise it is the same safe, speedy, reliable machine as last year, and is sold at the same prices—\$750 as a runabout; \$850 complete with detachable tonneau.

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CONTEMPORARIES

I always was conservative,
And in this Eastern { fuss,
I'd have you know my sympathies scrap,
Are firmly with the { Russ.
lap.

And when success shall crown his arms
 Disgruntled folks may { yap,
 But as for me, I always said, cuss,
 All hail the victor { Yap!
 Russ!



200 TOASTS

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THE WHITNEY PUBLISHING CO.,
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An illustration of two hands, one from the left and one from the right, holding and clinking glasses. The hands are rendered in a detailed, almost woodcut style. The glasses are simple, cylindrical vessels. The background is dark and textured. At the top, the words "when" and "mable" are partially visible, likely from the text of the previous page. In the center, a white oval contains a quote.

"when" "mable"

"Friendship above all ties
Doth bind the heart ;
And faith in friendship
Is the noblest part."

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